

THE
SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—NO. 7.

Philadelphia, February 16, 1822.

Miscellany.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION.

We copy the following detailed account of the early part of the Land Expedition towards the Arctic Sea, under the direction of Lieutenant John Franklin, from the daily journals. It purports to be written by a person belonging to the Company, who went along with that officer to Cumberland. We have divested it of some of its grandiloquence and hyperbole, and given its facts in a less ornate style.

“ Soon after the expedition arrived on the coast of Hudson’s Bay, they proceeded from York Factory, the grand dépôt of the Hudson’s Bay Company, towards their wintering ground at Cumberland, the central post of the interior, a distance of about 900 miles from the coast. Lieutenant Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Back and Mr. Hood, attended by the Orkney men, engaged to man the boats in the rivers of the interior, and who, having worked in the Company’s service several years, understood the language of many of the Indian tribes, left the factory on the 7th of September, 1819, with a fair wind, under a salute from the dépôt. Of the store of provisions supplied by government for the use of the expedition, the greater part was left at the starting point, on account of the difficulty of conveyance. On the third day after their departure from the factory, the boats of the Company, which were proceeding to the various trading posts in the interior, came up with the expedition in the Steel River, distant about 60 miles from the place at which they set out. Most of the rivers in that part of America abound with rapids and falls. The rapids are generally more navigable near the banks, but they frequently extend across the stream, and then the labour of the boat’s crew becomes excessive, every man being obliged to turn into the water and assist in carrying

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the boat sometimes to the distance of half a mile before they gain the head of one of these impediments. As the Company's boats followed the track of the expedition, several of the tin cases which had contained preserved meats were seen at the different up-putting places, (the spots of ground on the banks chosen for passing the nights upon,) and those miserable abodes were drenched with rain. Two black bears were also seen prowling about, and devouring some of the luxuries which the travellers had ascertained it was impossible to convey in any considerable quantities farther up the river. The traders with the North American Indians, in travelling to their posts, kindle fires of immense magnitude upon landing to rest for the night. Every man carries his fire-bag, containing all the necessary apparatus. They proceed to hew down the trees, an office which they perform with wonderful dexterity. The fires are lighted, the tents for the officers pitched, and the only regular meal taken during the twenty-four hours, served up in as comfortable a manner as possible under the circumstances. As the travellers advanced, the mild season not having yet begun to disappear, vast herds of grey deer were observed passing the rivers towards the Esquimaux lands, and the Indians who were accompanying the expedition gave extraordinary proofs of their activity, by rushing upon the animals in the water, and striking long knives into their hearts. Lieutenant Franklin, on entering the Hill river, so called from a neighbouring eminence, the only one that presented itself between York Factory and Cumberland, found it necessary to request that the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company would lighten his boat of the greater part of the still remaining luxuries and instruments. This accommodation was readily given, and after the most laborious efforts, the expedition reached the Rock dépôt, one of the Company's posts, having devoted seven days to the exhausting toil of working up thirty miles of their journey. Upon arriving at the dépôt, the expedition were treated with great hospitality by Mr. Bunn, the officer in charge, who entertained them with the Tittimeg, a fish which they admitted was the most delicious they had ever tasted, and which was caught in God's Lake (an immense piece of water, so named from the abundance and excellence of its inhabitants). Mr. Hood, who is one of the draughtsmen of the expedition, took a sketch of the Rock-fall and the post, which presented one of the most beautiful objects in these desolate regions, and introduced a distant view of a wigwam with its inmates.

" Five days after the expedition left the Rock dépôt they reached another post, having encountered many difficulties similar to those which had preceded. There was, however, some relief to the painful sameness of the journey in several beautiful

lakes through which they had to pass. At Oxford-house post, which was reached four days subsequently, they were provided with *pimmikin*, the celebrated winter food of the country, made of dried deer or buffalo flesh, pounded and mixed with a large quantity of the fat of the animal. This food constitutes the luxuries of winter, is the most portable of all victuals, and satisfies the most craving hunger in a very short time. The officers of the expedition were not a little surprised at the difficulty of cutting their meat, but they soon reconciled themselves to the long-established practice of chopping it with a hatchet. During the summer, ducks, geese, partridges, &c. are to be had in the greatest abundance; but the frost soon drives all those delicacies out of the reach of the active Indian, and *pimmikin* becomes the only resource of the traveller. The next post at which they arrived was Norway-house, upon leaving which they entered upon Lake Winnipic, at the farther side of which is the grand rapid extending nearly three miles, where they were obliged to drag their boats to shore, and carry them over the land; or, to use the technical phrase, 'launch them over the portage.' The woods along the banks were all in a blaze, it being the custom of the natives, as well as of the traders, to set fire to the trees around the up-putting places, for the double purpose of keeping off the cold and the wolves, whose howling increases in proportion to the extent of the conflagration. The expedition passed several other rapids and falls along a flat, woody, and swampy country, across five miles of which no eye could see. At length they reached the White Fall, where an accident took place, which had nearly deprived the party of their commander. While the men were employed in carrying the goods and boats across the portage of the fall, Lieutenant Franklin walked down alone to view the rapid, the roaring of which could be heard at the distance of several miles. He had the boldness to venture along the bank with English shoes upon his feet, a most dangerous experiment, where the banks are flint stones, and as smooth as glass. He was approaching the spot from which he could take the most accurate observation, when he slipped from the bank into the water, where it was fortunately still. Had he lost his footing ten yards lower down, he would have been hurried into a current which ran with amazing impetuosity over a precipice, one of the most terrific objects of the journey. Lieutenant Franklin is an excellent swimmer, but he had on him a sailor's heavy Flushing jacket and trowsers, heavy English shoes, and a large neckcloth. He swam about for some time, and made vigorous efforts to get upon the bank, but he had to contend against a smooth precipitous rock, and was just exhausted when two of the Company's officers, who were at a short distance from the fall, looked up

and saw him struggling in the water. With the assistance of their poles they raised him out of his perilous situation, in which he had been nearly a quarter of an hour. The moment he reached land he fell to the ground, and remained without motion for some time. His powerful constitution, however, soon overcame the effects of the accident, and he had happily only to regret the injury his chronometer received in the water. After a tedious journey of forty-six days, the expedition arrived at Cumberland, a post situated on the banks of a beautiful lake, and stockaded against the incursions of savages, the attacks of wolves and bears, and the assaults of rival traders."—

A letter of the 25th of August, from Montreal, states, that a letter from the expedition, dated in June, had reached that place: the only addition that it makes to intelligence already given is, that the party were only fifteen miles from Hearn's River, in about 64° North lat. and 110° West long. from Greenwich. All the members had passed an agreeable winter, living on the flesh of reindeer,* which animal abounds in those regions, and passed the encampment in great droves, which encampment was made in September last, when farther progress became impracticable. The party consisted of Captain Franklin, the three gentlemen above named, one seaman, nineteen Canadian travellers, and seventeen Indians, making in all forty persons. They were to commence, during June, their passage down Hearn's river.—

Further particulars are contained in the *Dumfries Courier*, from a letter to a gentleman in that part of the country. It states, that the winter, which the travellers passed at Cumberland, was very severe, but that they nevertheless employed the time in making drawings of animals, birds, &c., charts, meteorological observations, and collections of specimens, which they transmitted to England in the ensuing spring.†

In June, 1820, they set forward in canoes, manned by Canadians. The extreme heat of the short summer, the persecutions of noxious insects, and occasional want of food, are the usual concomitants in these voyages. "On the 29th of July," says the letter, "we arrived at the north side of the Slave Lake. A party of Copper Indians were exchanged to accompany us, and we commenced the work of discovery. On the first of September we reached the banks of the Copper Mine river, in lat. 65° , N. long 113° W. a magnificent body of water, two miles wide.

"We had penetrated into a country destitute of wood, and

* It will be seen that this statement (as well as that in the following) differs from the preceding with respect to the *food* of the travellers.—Ed.

† These government received, and handed, as we have understood, to Mr. Sabine.—Ed.

our men were exhausted with the labours of carrying canoes, cargoes, &c. amounting to three tons, from lake to lake. Their broken spirits were revived by our success; but the season was too far advanced to make any farther progress. We returned to a small wood of pines, and erected our winter residence of mud and timber, which we have named Fort Enterprise.

“ By the Indian report this river runs into the Northern Sea in West longitude 110° , and we suppose in lat. 72° . In June, 1821, we shall embark, and the river will enable us to reach the sea in a fortnight. If the shore is encumbered with ice, which is most probable, we must then leave our canoes, and trace the coast on foot, to Hudson’s Bay; or, if no North-west passage exists, to the shore, which forms the boundary of Baffin’s Bay. I think we are capable of executing this plan. Our chief dread was the hostile disposition of the Esquimaux. This danger is now almost obviated by the arrival of two Esquimaux interpreters, who have been provided at Churchill, and with great diligence sent after us.

“ We are not so desolate, perhaps, in our exile, as our friends may suppose. The rein-deer are numerous about us, and we live on the most delicate venison. We find pleasure in the examination of a new and amiable race of people.”

BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

From the Birth of Christ to the Invention of Printing:—First and Second Centuries.*

In the year of the world 4,000, or 4,004, the MESSIAH appeared. His apostles, disciples, or their contemporaries committed the books of the New Testament to writing, in the following order, as far as research can fix or approximate the dates.

The Gospels. Matthew, consisting of one book, 28 chapters, 1,071 verses, written in Judea, A. D. 64. Mark, at Rome in the same year; the book containing only 16 chapters, 678 verses. Luke, in A. D. 63 or 64, in Greece, comprising 24 chapters, 1,151 verses. John, at Ephesus in the year 61; 21 chapters, 880 verses. And *The Acts*, in Greece about 63 or 64; 28 chapters, 1,006 verses.

Saint Paul’s Epistles were written between the years 52 and 63; the earliest from Corinth, Ephesus and other places in Greece, the latest from Rome. They amount to 2,336 verses.

The Catholic Epistles—James, Peter, John, Jude, and the *Apocalypse*, were written between 61 and 96; James from Judea in 61 or 62; Peter from Rome in 64; John from Ephesus A. D. 80 to 96; Jude in 64 or 65, place unknown; and the *Apocalypse* at Patmos or Ephesus in 95-6.

* Abridged from Townley’s Illustrations, 3 vols. 8vo.

The whole of the above enumerated forms 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,959 verses.

Matthew wrote originally in Hebrew or Syro-Chaldaic; but his text was soon so corrupted by the Nazarenes and Ebionites, that the Greek translation made in the time of the Apostles, as we now have it, is the Canon. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews was also written in their language, and in like manner translated. St. Mark it has been contended, but apparently without foundation, wrote in Latin; and his autograph was asserted to be preserved in St. Mark's Treasury at Venice. But the authenticity of this MS. has been disproved, and it may be affirmed that none of the autographa or original MSS. of the New Testament are now in existence, though some of them were carefully kept in their ancient churches by the primitive Christians. They were probably lost during the persecutions, it being a natural object with their enemies to destroy their sacred books.

Transcriptions of different parts of the New Testament were, however, very early made, and disseminated among the Christian Churches; and soon after the deaths of the Apostles began to be collected in volumes. But so cautious were the first Christians not to receive any writings, as *inspired*, without indubitable evidence, that it was not till after a considerable lapse of time that the Epistle to the Hebrews, the 2d Epistle of Peter, the 2d and 3d of John, the Epistles of James and Jude, and the Revelation, were admitted into the Sacred Canon.

During the first century a colony of Jews settled in China, of whom there is an interesting account in Brotier's Tacitus, on the authority of letters from Jesuits in the 17th and 18th centuries, who were Missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church to that country. The Jews settled there, as is stated, during the dynasty of Han, in the reign of Ming-ti, A. D. 73, or three years anterior to the destruction of Jerusalem. They appear to have emigrated from Persia, and to have consisted of at least seventy families, of which only seven remained a century ago, in number about 600 souls. For a long time they flourished and were eminent in China: some were distinguished scholars, others rose to the rank of Mandarins. But in process of time they degenerated. Many embraced Mohammedanism; and of all the cities where they dwelt, Nimpo, Peking, Cai-fong-fou, &c. &c. the last alone, the capital of Honan, 150 leagues from Peking, now contains the remnant of their race. They are called by the Chinese Hoei-Hoei, (a name common also to the followers of Mohammed,) but they designate themselves Tiao-kin-kiao, i. e. the law of those who cut out the sinews, because they cut out these and the veins that they may abstain from blood. Their Synagogue is magnificent. Their most ancient MSS. of the Pentateuch are held to be about 800 years old. It seems a desideratum to collate our version with these MSS.;

but the extreme superstition and peculiar doctrines of the sect has hitherto prevented the accomplishment of this object.

Within the first two centuries of our era the preservation of the scriptures was still farther secured by the translation of the whole, or parts, into the Syriac and Latin—two of the most ancient versions of the New Testament, one of which was spread throughout Europe and the north of Africa; the other propagated from Edessa to China. The ancient Syriac translation is usually called the *Peshito* or *Literal*, to distinguish it from more modern versions, and especially from that of Philoxenus, in A. D. 508, named from him the *Philoxenian*. The *Peshito* version is “supposed to have been made at Edessa, where Abgarus, to whom certain spurious epistles have been ascribed, as passing between him and Jesus Christ, reigned from the eighth year after the birth of our Lord, to the year 45. He is also said to have built there a Christian Church, in the form of a temple, with a row of steps leading to the holy place; from whence the custom of erecting churches in the form of temples was communicated to the Christian countries in Europe. Of the translator of this version we have no certain knowledge. By the Syrians themselves it has been asserted that part of the *Old Testament* was translated in the time of Solomon, for the use of Hiram, king of Tyre, and the rest under Abgarus, king of Edessa, by Thaddeus, or one of the apostles. But whoever was the translator, there is internal evidence that the *Old Testament* was translated subsequent to the *New*, and, therefore, probably not translated by the same person.”

The best edition is that published by Schaaf, at Leyden, in 1709, and reprinted in 1717.

“The old Latin translations, which were made prior to the time of Jerom, have received the common denomination of *Vetus Italica*, or ancient Italic version. The revised translation of Jerom is distinguished by the term *Vulgata*. Dr. Mills (Proleg. p. 41, &c.) conjectures, that a translation was made in the second century. Augustus, who lived in the fourth century, thus states the origin of the ancient Latin versions. In his treatise *De Doctrina Christiana*, Lib. ii. cap. xi. he says, ‘The number of those who have translated the Scriptures from the Hebrew into the Greek may be computed, but the number of those who have translated the Greek into the Latin cannot, For immediately upon the first introduction of Christianity, if a person got possession of a Greek manuscript, and thought he had any knowledge of the two languages, he set about translating the Scriptures.’”

The first publication of the *Vetus Italica* was by Flaminius Nobilius, at Rome, in 1588. In 1715, the *Acts of the Apostles* was printed “at Oxford, in a fac simile edition of a Greek and

Latin MS. of the seventh century, preserved amongst the Laudian MSS. in the Bodleian Library. The editor was the famous antiquary, Thomas Hearne, who printed only 120 copies, by which means the edition is become extremely scarce. This was the first fac simile edition ever printed."

Many celebrated editions of the old Italic have since appeared; Blanchini's four Evangelists and Dr. Kennicott's Collation are among the most valued.

"At a very early age of Christianity the Scriptures were translated also into the Egyptian language, including the dialects both of Upper and Lower Egypt; the former called *Sahidic*, the latter *Coptic*. The *Sahidic* version is supposed to be as old as the second century. Several manuscripts, or rather fragments of manuscripts, of this version, are preserved in the libraries of Rome, Paris, Oxford, Berlin, and Venice. From the quotations in a *Sahidic* MS. in the British Museum, which contains a work intitled *Sophia*, and written by Valentinus in the beginning of the second century, Dr. Woide has endeavoured to prove, not only that a *Sahidic* version of the New Testament existed in the second century, but that there was also a translation of the Old Testament into *Sahidic*, from which the author frequently quoted." * * *

"The *Coptic* version, or that in the dialect of Lower Egypt, is probably of rather later date than the *Sahidic*, though not more modern than the third, if not the second century."

This dialect is now obsolete, (having been superseded by the Arabic,) except as it is preserved in the Scriptures and books of devotion; and we may add, in inscriptions of which there is a most important example in the British Museum.

These are the chief facts relating to the Scriptures during the first and second ages; in another paper we purpose tracing those of the third century.

(To be continued.)

THE BARON'S BRIDAL.

I had been out several hours amidst the Highlands of Scotland with my pointer and gun, and the day was almost half over, when I whistled to the dog, and set off in search of the habitation of a Highlander, which I had formerly had recourse to on like occasions; when fatigued with the exertion of rambling through places fit only for the residence of savages, and wet and weary, the hospitable hearth and foaming cup of my white headed host were more acceptable than can be easily imagined, except by those who have been in like situations. I was received with the usual hearty welcome into the old Highlander's cabin, for it could scarce lay claim to a higher title; though it was

spacious and convenient, and enlivened with that content and happiness of which more splendid mansions are too often destitute. Round the blazing fire were seated three generations. Donald himself and his ancient spouse forming one; a young woman, their daughter, and her husband, making the second link in the family chain; and their children, a prattling boy and girl, who hung upon the knees of their grandfather, or amused themselves with teasing a large dog that good naturedly suffered himself to be tormented without testifying the slightest anger, being the third. Having refreshed myself, and had some conversation with my friend, the deepening tints of the western sky began to remind me, that I had several miles to return over a country almost impassable to any but its natives, and that unless I made the best of my way home, darkness would overtake me before I reached it. I inquired the nearest road back; when the old man pointed out to me a kind of path which wound about a lofty hill, and afterwards descending would bring me by the high road to my residence in the village. "But surely," said I, "there is a nearer way than round that mountain?"—"There is a way to be sure,—but—" the old man stopped, he looked cautiously around, and seemed doubtful whether to proceed.—"But what? If there is a shorter road, what is there to prevent me from taking it?"—"It is dangerous to go that way," replied he, "especially as the evening is advancing."—"What is there any fear of robbers?"—"No, no, but —"—"But what?" I repeated; "what else is there to fear?"—"The road of which I speak," answered the old man, "lies through a spot which is visited by fearful beings."—"Oh! and so a spirit is the occasion of your alarm: I fear no evil from beings of another world, so point out the way and let me go."—"You must not, shall not go," exclaimed both father and son: "if you should see the Spirit, your life might be in danger."—"How, why, and for what cause, does any preternatural appearance haunt this spot of which you seem to entertain so great a horror?"—"It is a strange, a fearful story," replied Donald, "and will detain you beyond your time."—But my curiosity being awakened, was not so easily satisfied, and I at last prevailed on him to relate to me the history of this Haunted Glen.

"You have doubtless," said the old man, "during your excursions, observed a tower, which stands alone amidst heaps of stone and other ruins?"—"I have."—"That tower is now all that remains of a proud castle which was once reared there;—that tower has stood while thicker walls, and stronger roofs have fallen!—while other buildings have been borne down by time or storms, that tower has remained unmoved by tempests, and braving the fury of those lightnings which have levelled their destroying fires at its summit. A preternatural strength is said

to be attached to it, in consequence of the events which it has witnessed. Many years ago, I have heard, for what I am about to tell you happened long before my day, the fortress, of which that tower formed a part, was the habitation of a nobleman of whom many dark things have been said. The Lord of Glenliscair was ambitious, dark, and revengeful; feared and detested by his vassals; and disliked by his equals and superiors; stern and haughty, his look spoke the mind within. His brow was frowning, half hid by the black hair which hung over it, but his eye is said to have been the most peculiar part of his countenance; it was black, but it blazed with the strangest lustre, and few could sustain without horror its unspeakable glance. It had a wild but determined expression, almost fiendish. His stature was tall, approaching to gigantic, giving him a commanding appearance, which, combined with his stern visage, inspired an unaccountable awe, a fearful feeling, as if the being you looked upon was of a different nature, the inhabitant of another world. The Baron of Glenliscair had a wife as different from himself as morning from midnight: it was the union of an angel with a demon,—of purity with corruption. Some years after their marriage, an opportunity offered to the Baron of acquiring a great increase of power and riches by wedlock,—but he was already married. Ambition was his ruling passion, his wife stood between him and the object which he wished, and he hated her; while his cruel treatment but too well corresponded with his feelings. On a sudden, however, his behaviour was changed, he became gentle in his conduct, and affectionate in his behaviour, and her grateful heart returned it tenfold. One day, he proposed to hunt upon the morrow, and seemed to wish for her attendance. She complied with his request, and he seemed fonder than ever of her. The morning came, and hounds and horsemen issued forth, and spread over the country in pursuit of the game. The chase was continued till evening, when it was suddenly discovered that the Baron and his lady were missing. In the heat of the sport it had not been before remarked, and some degree of alarm seized on his attendants. They waited, but in vain; they sought for them, but they were not to be found. At last, when all search having proved useless, and the sportsmen were gathered together, musing on the probable fate of those whom they had so vainly sought, some one called out that he saw the Baron. All eyes were turned to the point to which the speaker directed them, and they plainly saw their Lord approaching at full speed, his horse foaming and panting with exertion, and he himself violently agitated,—‘Your lady, have you seen her? speak, know you aught of her?’ he exclaimed.—‘Our Lady!—the Lady of Glenliscair!’ was the astonished answer.—‘Yes, fools, where is she? have you

seen her? speak, or by Hell!—’—‘ We have not, we have sought far and wide for her and you, my Lord, but in vain.’—‘ Ideots! ’—but checking himself he proceeded: ‘ In the midst of the chase, I perceived she was missing; fearful lest some evil should have happened to her, I rode back alone, unwilling to mention my alarms. At a distance I once thought I saw her; and spurred on my steed, but the object vanished from my sight; and wearied, exhausted, and full of doubt and fear concerning your lady, I turned back; but having lost myself in this fruitless endeavour to find her whom I sought, I was long ere I could regain you;—and now, alas! you add despair to fearfulness, and certainty to doubt!—But I ought not to trifle away time thus;—follow me! ’—and with those words they again departed in search of her, whom they were doomed never again to behold,—at least in human shape.

“ Within six months after this happened, the lord of Glenliscair made preparations for a second marriage; the sable marks of mourning gave place to splendid ornaments and decoration; and every thought of the Baron seemed swallowed up in that of his approaching nuptials. The day at length arrived; it was passed in feasting and revelry; every eye was lighted up with joy; and at length the moment came, which was to unite the Baron to the new object of his affections; or, rather, of his ambition. All was ready; the holy man who was to perform the ceremony had already commenced; but when he asked if any one knew aught of impediment to the marriage, some one from the farther part of the room cried out,—‘ I do! ’—The voice was familiar to all present save the bride, yet no one on the moment could remember it. The Baron frowned—‘ Who dares? ’ he was saying, when a figure sprang between him and the lady,—‘ I dare! I forbid it! ’—All gazed with horror on the unexpected and unwelcome messenger; it was the form of a woman swoln and discoloured: her long tresses dripping with water, and her pale and sickly cheeks, seemed the residence of corruption. Her blue and watery eyes were fixed on the Baron, while with a voice that thrilled through every vein she sang,—

‘ The moon-beam glistening on the wave
Shines on thy bridal bed;
Where the tide that is thy true love’s grave
Shall float above thy head.

In vain I pray’d,—you plunged me in,
Where deep the waters roll;
But heavily now that deed of sin
Shall sink thy parting soul!

Then away! away! this night you rest
Beneath the darkling tide:
Thy pillow shall be my mouldering breast,
And I will be thy bride! ’

"The fearful form vanished, and he to whom the Spirit's song was addressed fell lifeless on the floor;—all assistance was in vain, he had obeyed his summons! and since that time, the Glen of Strathenwater has been the residence of the spirit of Lady Glenliscair; then let me entreat you," concluded the old man, "to shun the haunted spot, for wo be to him that looks upon such forbidden things."

I confess my purpose was for a moment startled by this strange tale, though I did not, could not credit it, but it was only for a moment. I very speedily banished all fear of spiritual dangers, and set forth despite of the warm entreaties of the family. Thanking them for their kindness, however, I at length proceeded; my dog accompanied me, and I made the best use of my time to get home before dark. This I thought, with expedition, I could accomplish: the sun, it is true, had disappeared, but the rich splendour of his beams rested on the clouds, which gathered brightness from his setting; visions of unsubstantial beauty flitted around the scene of his departure. The scenery around me was grand, but rugged; it was nature unattired with decoration, the rough unpolished stone, not the smooth, polished, and glittering gem.

At length I arrived at the spot which I judged, from the account of my host, was the place of terror. I sat down upon a stone for a moment to rest, for I felt very tired, and thought of the wild tales of Highland tradition, of Ossian, of the Spirit of Bruma, when it occurred to me that I might be then sitting on the stone of power. I started to examine it; but it appearing from its shape to be modern, I again ventured to reoccupy it. Strange thoughts came upon me: I thought the various objects which I beheld assumed new forms; I saw strange figures moving to and fro; the place suddenly reassumed its original appearance, and I gazed with horror and astonishment on the figure of which I had heard, swoln, pale, and deathly, rising from the water!—I heard its horrible voice singing the words which it sang at the Baron's wedding. The fearful sound was mingled with the screams of birds, and the roar of the cataract; but it was heard clearly above all. I felt some invisible hand drag me towards the spectre!—I did not tremble, for I was almost frozen with horror. I strove to speak, but my voice failed me! I was irresistibly drawn towards the water; when summoning every faculty, I sprang back, and starting from my uneasy slumber, found myself still sitting on the stone; where my dog, tired with waiting, was tugging at the skirts of my coat. I had been dreaming there, I imagined, nearly two hours, for the moon was up, and shone on the rippling waves with her sweetest lustre. I set off home once more at full

speed, and at length reached my habitation, internally execrating the foul fiend who had so long delayed me from my own comfortable fireside.

CONFessions OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER:*Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.*

(Continued from p. 137.)

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester Coffee-house: and, the Bristol Mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion* of this Mail soon laid me asleep: it is somewhat remarkable, that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a Mail-coach—a bed which, at this day, I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident, which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress, may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, any thing of the possible goodness of the human heart—or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of *manners* is drawn over the features and expression of men's *natures*, that to the ordinary observer, the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties which lie between them, are all confounded—the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meagre outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this: for the first four or five miles from London, I annoyed my fellow passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps, in the same circumstances most people would; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant; and, if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint: and, therefore, I apologized to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future: and, at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering; and that I could not afford at that time to take an

* The Bristol Mail is the best appointed in the kingdom—owing to the double advantage of an unusually good road, and of an extra sum for expenses subscribed by the Bristol merchants.

inside place. The man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant: and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him) I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off: and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that, at length, I almost lay in his arms: and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. Unfortunately, indeed, I *did* go rather farther than I intended: for so genial and refreshing was my sleep, that the next time, after leaving Hounslow, that I fully awoke, was upon the sudden pulling up of the Mail (possibly at a post-office), and, on inquiry, I found that we had reached Maidenhead—six or seven miles, I think, ahead of Salt-hill. Here I alighted: and for the half minute that the Mail stopped, I was entreated by my friendly companion (who, from the transient glimpse I had had of him in Piccadilly, seemed to me to be a gentleman's butler—or person of that rank) to go to bed without delay. This I promised, though with no intention of doing so: and in fact, I immediately set forward, or rather backward, on foot. It must then have been nearly midnight: but so slowly did I creep along, that I heard a clock in a cottage strike four before I turned down the lane from Slough to Eton. The air and the sleep had both refreshed me; but I was weary nevertheless. I remember a thought (obvious enough, and which has been prettily expressed by a Roman poet) which gave me some consolation at that moment under my poverty. There had been some time before a murder committed on or near Hounslow-heath. I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that the name of the murdered person was *Steele*, and that he was the owner of a lavender plantation in that neighbourhood. Every step of my progress was bringing me nearer to the Heath; and it naturally occurred to me that I and the accursed murderer, if he were that night abroad, might at every instant be unconsciously approaching each other through the darkness: in which case, said I,—supposing I, instead of being (as indeed I am) little better than an outcast,—

Lord of my learning and no land beside,

were, like my friend, Lord —, heir by general repute, to 70,000*l.* per ann., what a panic should I be under at this moment about my throat!—indeed, it was not likely that Lord — should ever be in my situation. But nevertheless, the spirit of the remark remains true—that vast power and possessions make a man shamefully afraid of dying: and I am convinced that many of the most intrepid adventurers, who, by fortunately

being poor, enjoy the full use of their natural courage, would, if at the very instant of going into action news were brought to them that they had unexpectedly succeeded to an estate in England of 50,000*l.* a year, feel their dislike to bullets considerably sharpened,* and their efforts at perfect equanimity and self-possession proportionably difficult. So true it is, in the language of a wise man whose own experience had made him acquainted with both fortunes, that riches are better fitted—

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than tempt her to do aught may merit praise.—*Paradise Regained.*

I dally with my subject because, to myself, the remembrance of these times is profoundly interesting. But my reader shall not have any further cause to complain: for I now hasten to its close. In the road between Slough and Eaton I fell asleep; and, just as the morning began to dawn, I was awakened by the voice of a man standing over me and surveying me. I know not what he was: he was an ill-looking fellow—but not therefore of necessity an ill-meaning fellow: or, if he were, I suppose he thought that no person sleeping out-of-doors in winter could be worth robbing. In which conclusion, however, as it regarded myself, I beg to assure him, if he should be among my readers, that he was mistaken. After a slight remark he passed on: and I was not sorry at his disturbance, as it enabled me to pass through Eton before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering: but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost: and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved; washed myself, and as far as possible, adjusted my dress at a little public house in Windsor; and about 8 o'clock went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys of whom I made inquiries: an Etonian is always a gentleman; and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend, Lord —, was gone to the University of —. “Ibi omnis effusus labor!” I had, however, other friends at Eton; but it is not to all who wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D—, to whom, (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though I believe on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

Here let me stop for a moment to check my reader from any

* It will be objected that many men, of the highest rank and wealth, have in our own day, as well as throughout our history, been amongst the foremost in courting danger in battle. True: but this is not the case supposed: long familiarity with power has to them deadened its effect and its attractions.

erroneous conclusions : because I have had occasion incidentally to speak of various patrician friends, it must not be supposed that I have myself any pretensions to rank or high blood. I thank God that I have not :—I am the son of a plain English merchant, esteemed during his life for his great integrity, and strongly attached to literary pursuits (indeed, he was himself, anonymously, an author): if he had lived, it was expected that he would have been very rich; but, dying prematurely, he left no more than about 30,000*l.* amongst seven different claimants. My mother I may mention with honour, as still more highly gifted. For, though unpretending to the name and honours of a *literary* woman, I shall presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an *intellectual* woman: and I believe that if ever her letters should be collected and published, they would be thought generally to exhibit as much strong and masculine sense, delivered in as pure “mother English,” racy and fresh with idiomatic graces, as any in our language—hardly excepting those of lady M. W. Montague. These are my honours of descent: I have no others: and I have thanked God sincerely that I have not, because, in my judgment, a station which raises a man too eminently above the level of his fellow creatures is not the most favourable to moral, or to intellectual qualities.

(*To be continued.*)

According to Lieut. Wilford, the Brahminical Puranas state the circumference of the earth at 2,456,000,000 British miles; whereas, according to our calculation, it does not exceed 24,000 miles. These works also tell us of mountains 491 miles high; of a king reigning 27,000 years; of Vaisvaswatu having lived 3,892,888 years ago, and whose reign lasted 1,728,000 years. (The civil-list and droits are not stated.) Also, of an island, in the middle of the earth, 400,000 French leagues long, and as many broad; and of a mountain in that island, 400,000 leagues high, and 32,000 wide; of other mountains, 40,000 and 280,000 leagues high. These latter wonders are in the Bagavadam: and in the same Purana, there is a tree mentioned, 4,400 leagues high: and again, of an island which is 3,200,000 leagues in extent; and another, surrounded by a sea of milk, rather more than 14,000,000 of leagues in circumference. These things are taught by the Brahmins as sacred truths, to the people who believe them. The eccentricities, however, just pointed out, do not come up to those of a host of British scholars, who set these childish legends down as “enchanting books;” and that the “lover of science, the antiquary, the historian, the moralist, and the man of taste, will obtain an inexhaustible fund of information and amusement!”

Poetry.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MILK AND HONEY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

In a Series of Letters from America.

LETTER I.

SIR BALAAM BARROW TO MR. JEREMIAH DAWSON.

CONTENTS.

The Wasp, Captain Waters—Yankee Porter at New York—Reasons for quitting England—Decline and Fall of the Mammonian Empire at Lloyd's—Gradation from private Carriage to public Stage “irksome”—Calamity at Kennington—Herne Hill and Madame Storace—Diogenes in his Tub—Tirade against Assessed Taxes, Tithes, and Parsons—Fox without a Tail.

DEAR Sir, the American Brig, Captain Waters,
Having landed me safe with my son and two daughters
On the Pier at New York; and a porter, half drunk,
Having trotted off “slick right away” with my trunk,
In trowsers, black cravat, and yellow straw hat awry,
To one Mrs. Bradish's, fronting the Battery;
(I paid half a dollar, for which the gaunt Yankee
Return'd me the devil the ghost of a Thankye);
I dip a bad pen in an inkstand of pewter,
To con o'er the past, and descant on the future.

You know—who does not? what commercial voids
The Peace has produced in the squadron at Lloyd's;
Time was, when my own coach (with biscuits the boot in)
Convey'd me, at three, from the 'Change-gate to Tooting,
And when Tooting clock had toll'd half-after ten,
Convey'd me, next morning, to London again,
Where brokers pronounced me, in special committee,
The most well-to-do sort of man in the City.

Well! finding trade shy, and the taxes encroach,
I sold off my horses and laid down my coach:
My girls, for their parts, preferr'd walking; and Dick
Could never ride backward without being sick.
So I now, with a visage as sour as Judge Page's,
Took a small house at Clapham, and rode in the stages.

Descending “a grade,” I ascended to ride
As one of the six who were licensed inside;
And met the mishaps that occur, in wet weather
When a jury of legs are impannell'd together.
I wanted to let down the glass, but a youth
On the opposite side had a pain in his tooth:
I wanted to pull up the glass, but was chid
By a widow, whose brat would be sick if I did:
I wanted to sleep, but a girl in a shawl
Kept asking how far we were off from Vauxhall;
And, nine times in ten, some tremendous fat woman,
Who wanted to get out at Kennington Common,
With a kick, on alighting, that set the coach rocking,
Left the mud of her clog on my white cotton stocking!
“Why, Sir,” even you must admit that a Nation
That tolerates this must expect emigration.

“But why”—in your last you interrogate—“roam
Abroad, when you might sport the savage at home?
If *Nature* attract you, you’re mighty unlucky
Indeed not to find her on this side Kentucky.
I’m apt to suspect that the dame lurks beneath
The brushwood of Finchley, and Wimbledon Heath,
And proffers, unfetter’d by Custom-house laws,
Abundance of hips and whole hedges of haws.
Nay, more”—thus you argue—“my worthy friend Barrow,
You need not go even so far off as Harrow:
At Dulwich I’ll point out a glen, wild and patchy,
Not a mile from the mansion of Madame Storace,
Where *Nature*, not shackled by Townsend or Sayers,
Has scoop’d out, to shelter the ‘Slick right away-ers,’
A snug hollow tree, where a patriot may lodge in his
Glory, nor envy the ‘Tub of Diogenes!’”

All this, Jerry Dawson, ‘s undoubtedly true,
But with the main question has nothing to do.

In all the cross-grains of us mortals below,
‘Tis not what ourselves, but what other folks know.
What a kicking would many a hectoring elf
Bear with, could he but keep the fact to himself!
To be jilted is nothing, mere pastime and revel,
But then to be *known* to be jilted’s the devil.
Kind husbands oft wink at *faux-pas* of co-sleepers;
But, if the town knows it, they *can’t* close their peepers:
And traders are loth “their affairs” to disclose
To the pity of friends and the malice of foes.

Impress’d with these truths, my two daughters, my son,
And myself, soon determined to cut and to run;
Resolved to invest all our spare love and money
In the land that is flowing with milk and with honey.
“Why, Sir!” Job himself could not parry the worry
I constantly felt in the county of Surrey.
At the bare word “assessment” my diaphragm writhes,
I faint at the vile monosyllable “tithes;”
I don’t care a farthing for gibbets and axes,
But I can’t bear the plural of tax, namely, taxes.
Some folks hate a spider, but I hate a parson,
As much as an Albion Director hates arson!

They hey! for the West,—how I grudge every hour I
Expend, ere I cross Mississippi, Missouri,
With woods where the view of an Englishman rare is,
And squat myself down in the Illinois Prairies.
If I hit, well and good; if I miss, well and good too;
I’ll sink what it does, and proclaim what it should do.
I’ll change the brown Wabash to yellow Pactolus;
If I tumble, like Wildgoose, I’ll not tumble solus.
My taken-in friends may reproach me—who cares?
The trap that diminish’d my tail shall dock theirs.

B. B.

LETTER II.

MISS SABRINA BARROW TO MISS FANNY FADE.

CONTENTS.

Opening allusion—Æneas and the Sibyl—Gradations—from a Beauty to a Blue—Joys of Eighteen—Bond Street—The Opera—Tooting Assembly—Quadrilles—Sister Lydia coming out—Sister Sabrina going in—Ap and Peri-helion—Waltzes—Terpsichore sells off her stud—La Poule—Pilpay and Æsop—Dogs, Cats, and Birds—Evangelical Blues—Anti-parturient—Evans's Sects—Floating Ark—Hebrews at Hackney—Belzoni—Women in Egyptian Hall and London Tavern—And why—To strangle Two Serpents—Abelard and Eloisa—Sabrina's Reasons for going to America.

NAY, Fanny, you wrong me: I am not "quite frantic,"
Even though I have ventured to cross the Atlantic.
The thing, unexplain'd, may excite your surprise,
But when you consider the whereso'res and whys,
(This Letter shall paint them) I hope to awaken
Your hearty applause at the step I have taken.

My age, my dear Friend, I may say, *entre nous*,
Is not what the public suppose—thirty-two;
For, if they the baptismal fact would divine,
Let them strike out the "Two," and interpolate "Nine."

We Blues love a classic allusion, so I seize
The Sibyl's, who walk'd with the Son of Anchises,
And scatter my leaves, per the Lynx, Captain Wade,
To paint all my woes to my dear Fanny Fade.

At lively eighteen, when the men praised my hair,
And Papa lived at Tooting and Finsbury-square,
Too proud of my title, Sabrina the Pretty,
I turn'd up my nose at a match in the City;
Drove shopping to Bond-street, where few people knew me—
Saw beaux, three by three, raise their glasses to view me;
Went off to the Opera—sat in the pit—
Took mighty good care not to speak to a Cit:
And hoped, when my suitors began to importune,
At the end of the season to marry a fortune;
Yet spring followed winter, and still fail'd to bring
The thing that I wanted—a Man with a Ring.

Descending a peg, with a mercantile beau
At Tooting Assembly I sported a toe:
Had still many partners, each fortunate man,
Mark'd, one after one, on my white spangled fan.
Wherever they came from, I aim'd to entrap 'em,
As far down as Mitcham, as far up as Clapham:
In private rehearsals, I practised my heels
To open the very first set of Quadrilles:
Set right, by mere pushing, each blundering fool;
And knowing that Lydia would soon come from school,
It struck me, while eyeing the mole on my chin,
That her coming out might be my going in;
For Shakspeare has open'd that truth to mankind,
If two men ride one horse, one must ride behind.
I therefore redoubled my ogles and freaks,
Drew a hare's foot of rouge o'er the bones of my cheeks,

Whizz'd round in a waltz, with a neck red as copper,
And whisper'd, "I hope that it is not improper."
Yet still, as old Time kept expanding his wing,
He never brought forward the Man with the Ring.

Past thirty—turned out of Terpsichore's stud,
"Lamed, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, yet still with some blood,"
Now and then overhearing the men cry—"Poor Sabby,"
And the girls—"Eight and thirty—I know it—Old Tabby,"
Condemn'd, while the whirl of La Poulle made me giddy,
To pin up the train of the tittering Lyddy,
And set her a-going on that very floor
That often had echo'd my footsteps before,
I gave o'er the chase; let the fount of Love freeze up;
And wo'd the dumb heroes of Pilpay and Æsop:—
Kept a pug in a collar, a dormouse, a kitten,
A squirrel, a Poodle more biting than bitten,
A parrot who swung in eternal see-saw,
Two murmuring doves, and a screaming Macaw:—
In blue book-societies loitered to chat
With the Reverend this, and the Reverend that:
Join'd the tribe who, forbidden by hard-hearted men
To dandle an innocent—dandle a pen,
Pert Poets with mouths by the Quarterly curb hurt,
Lank wives who have never called in Dr. Herbert:
Prim maids, like myself, with an eye that detects
All the thin subdivisions in Evans's Sects,
And knows to a hair every cross in the breed,
From the Jumpers in Wales to the lunatic Swede.
Then came the thick shoes, on two feet void of graces
Decided objection to all *public* places:
Yet running, by hundreds, to Belzoni's cavern,
The Mansion-house Hall, and the New London Tavern:
The Bible in Sanscrit, for Copts and Lascars:
Arks floating off Wapping for soul-founder'd tars:
With all the devices that keep in subjection
Our sex's two enemies—Time and Reflection.
Yet still even these were unable to bring
Id desideratum—the Man with the Ring.

Thus she whom the poet of Twickenham paints,
Bade Paraclete's echoes repeat her complaints,
Lay wrapt, in her cell, in ecstasical heavings,
And gave to Saint Peter Saint Abelard's leavings.

Thus tied to the stake in Sir Balaam's dull domus,
As cold and austere as my namesake in Comus,
Condemn'd, when my sister should wed, to rehearse,
Hereafter, for Lydia, the part of the nurse,
Performing what many a sister has done,
The work of three maids for the wages of one,
Sore sick of the world, from the Old I withdrew,
And gladly set sail with Papa for the New;
Of which more hereafter.—Dear Fanny, adieu!